

GREENBOOK

1950



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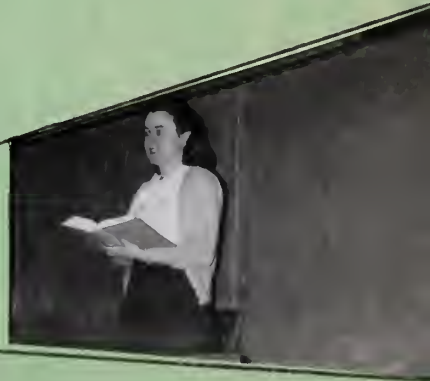
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DEDICATION

To our advisor and friend
Mrs. Mary Lechner
we respectfully dedicate
the Green Book of 1950.



EDITORIAL

The Green Book staff has chosen "The Seasons" as its theme. With each season of the year a new chapter of our life begins. We change the way we dress, the food we eat, the places we go, the things we do.

Summer means a vacation to some, but to others a chance for a full-time job to help pay those school expenses the following year.

Fall ushers in football, college registration, and bon-fires of fallen leaves.

Winter brings sleigh rides, snow men, and the enjoyment of an open fire place on crisp winter evenings.

With the first signs of spring comes the sound of "Batter up," and the baseball enthusiasts are at their favorite sport. You can see them everywhere, in fields, in vacant lots, and on side streets.

Each new season prompts memories too. We remember the enjoyment of summer camp, or the pleasant sunny days spent at the beach. The beauty of snow covered mountains and the thrill of the ski slope are some of the memories of winter.

We have tried to place each theme into its proper setting, to capture with pictures and stories the atmosphere and color of each season, and to share them with you.

Our hope is that you will enjoy reading the Green Book of 1950 now and in future years.



Charles Guscott
Editor

SUMMER



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MEMORIES OF A SUMMER CAMP

Among the most cherished memories of my life are those of the summers spent in a cabin on the shores of Lake Mendota near Madison, Wisconsin.

I can close my eyes and picture the scene now. I see the tiny cabin nestled among the protecting trees, the pier thrusting itself out from the tree lined shore, and the deep blue water glistening under a bright summer sun. Across the lake the tall dome of the capitol building is silhouetted against the sky.

Much of our time was spent on the beach or in the water. The warm sand would ooze up between our toes as we paddled along the shore. Sunbathing on the soft sand was a delightful form of relaxation. I can recall lying on the warm sand for hours watching the snowy clouds floating high up in the blue sky above me. And I can still feel the sudden shock as I plunged into the cold water for a swim.

Many pleasant hours were spent hiking along the forest trails, walking in the somber twilight of the deep woods, then suddenly stepping into the glaring brightness of a sunny clearing. Visiting the tiny Indian cave, climbing Eagle Heights, walking to Picnic Point, hiking to the Indian burial ground -- all were excursions of great joy to us.

The summer evenings were times of quietness and serenity. The sun would go down in a final burst of splendor, casting a golden pathway across the quiet waters. The birds would call their final "good-nights" before retiring and soon the insects would begin to tune up for their evening serenade. The enticing odor of frying fish would be wafted on the evening breeze.

Walking along the dusty road I could hear the musical laughter of the children, the unmusical squeak of a pump handle, and the pleasant sound of clinking dishes and pans as the evening meal was prepared. As the darkness deepened these sounds gradually gave way to the quieter tones of the night. As I lay on my bed the voice of the night wind whispering to the trees would come to my ears. I would hear the quiet ripple of the water against the pebbles on the shore, broken only by the occasional splash of a fish breaking the surface of the water.

Usually the lake was quiet and peaceful. However, upon occasion a sudden storm would come up without warning. Just before the storm a tomblike silence would quell all sound. Then, accomplished by a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder, the wind would come whistling through the trees. The color of the water would change from a peaceful blue to a deep green and then to an angry gray. Whitecaps soon appeared on the surface of the water and then the breakers began to roll, climbing higher and higher up the beach as if they were trying to escape the banks which held them back. As quickly as it had come, the storm would cease. The birds would renew their singing, the chipmunks would return to their frolicking, and all would be peaceful once again.

As I recall those days at the lake, other memories flood my mind, memories of the beauty of the sunrise as seen from a boat on the lake, the thrill which a fighting fish can give, the family of stunks which came to make a home under our cabin. As I look back, all seems pleasant and gay, just as I would want it to be.

SAND AS AN INFLUENCE OF HABITS

One thing you will find at any beach, right alongside the ocean, is sand. There are two kinds of sand: dry sand and wet sand. Dry sand is what you lie down and go to sleep on until the tide comes in and makes it wet sand. Wet sand is what squishes under your feet as you run across it on your way to dive into the water, and what squishes under your feet as you run back again when you decide not to dive into the water.

Sand is good for small boys to bury their parents in. All that is needed is a small shovel and a parent who will lie still. In burying a parent, it is a good idea to leave the head out. Some parents also object to having sand shovelled into their ears and mouth. But a small boy never can tell until he tries.

Some persons like sand so much they carry it away with them. Since it is public property, and should be left on the beach for others to enjoy, bathers find it necessary to employ all sorts of surreptitious methods to take sand home with them. Some smuggle a few grains of it cunningly hidden in their hair. Others hide it in their combs, but more may be concealed if they have been in the water long enough for their hair to get properly dampened. Others, especially those without hair, hide it in uneaten peanut butter sandwiches that are apparently being saved for tomorrow's lunch.

The largest quantity of sand, however, is carried off in trouser cuffs. One cuff, if carefully packed, will hold about three ounces of the contraband. It is not known precisely what this purloined sand is used for, although garden paths and sand boxes for kiddies have been known to spring up suddenly hundred of miles from the ocean after families have returned from the seaside.

Sand in its pure form is said to be separated grains of rock, usually quartz. However, often it appears in larger bits or grains, not nearly so finely divided. This quite often makes it uncomfortable underfoot. Other superfluous materials found are cigarette butts and bits of broken glass. Especially since the invention of the candy bar, pure sand has not been found in this country.

Sand has an important influence on the summer habits of many people. This is why thousands of Americans spend their vacation in the mountains.

The nippiness of the cool Colorado air gradually creeps upon you as you slowly and cautiously climb to the top of Pike's Peak. The handiwork of God can be seen in any direction and the weakness of man realized as your automobile labors in low gear. The quality and large quantity of evergreens give you the impression of a smooth layer of velvet placed over the jagged mountains with only the crown showing, made distinctive by the timber line. All the pines sway in unison yielding to the slight breezes that occur and sighing gently as they sweep to one side. A tension and strain seems to accompany this bending, but a strong desire for correct posture compels each to return to its normal position.

The stream, that previously took the form of a river, seems to zig-zag as an awkward snake in attempting to provide motion. Its mirror-like finish reflects God's creation, thus giving us a double feature, and its crystal-blue color blends artistically into the environment. The water, with its lazy ripples, seems cool and pure -- inviting to a parched, heated traveler. Its continual flow has worn smooth the surface of every rock in its course and these boulders are covered with a green moss, giving each the appearance of a comfortable chair of mohair.

The hard dirt road upon which we have been traveling seems to coil beneath us like an attacking cobra, and each curve provides the venom of death. Its skin is spotted with the black, red and blue bruises from automobiles.

The piercing edges of rocks reach to the heavens as if pulled by a magnet to their Creator.

Now and then a soft bed of fleecy snow may be seen hiding beneath a sheltering arm of stone from the penetrating rays of the sun. A group of colored flowers are seen nodding gently in the warm sunlight, proud of the part they play in this picture of beauty.

Overshadowing the entire scene you can observe a spacious blue sky containing clouds of white cotton that drift slowly over the protruding mountains.

This is the realization of beauty so fully impressed upon my mind -- the power of God and His ability in creating the heavens and the earth.

LAVENDER GRANNY

She is a woman of poise and magnificent bearing which comes to some as a heritage and to others after years of training. Her hair, like spun sugar, lies in soft, curling waves off a high forehead. High cheekbones, a Scottish nose, and a small, firm, dimpled chin set off her eyes which are a deep blue with soft, twinkling lights. But it is behind the lights of her eyes that you discover her beauty, for there lies and indescribable something which automatically draws you to her and makes you realize that here is someone who wants to know you, someone in whom you can confide.

Who is this lady described above who sits daily by the window of a little red brick house on Hemlock Road and sings her bits of Scottish verse as she nods to passersby? She is my great-grandmother, who is ninety-six years young. I say "young," because she keeps herself so by associating with all the young folk of the neighborhood, by always wearing a lavender satin bow in her hair, by telling funny stories, and by keeping up-to-date. Granny, as she is affectionately called by her sixteen grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren, always dresses in lavender, whether it is flowered, dotted swiss, satin or silk, and her dresses are also trimmed in lace.

Granny has quite an interesting history dating back to her birth in Glasgow, Scotland, and her marriage at the age of eighteen to Francis Paul in Saint Paul's Church in London, England. Rev. Francis Paul conducted the ceremony, and a young couple by the name of Paul stood up for them. She came over to America when she was twenty-five, and it was on this trip that my grand-mother was born. She and her husband settled in Cleveland, Ohio, where he obtained a job as a stone

cutter. Francis Paul was an ambitious young man and secured many jobs building the early churches and wealthy homes in Cleveland. During a span of years, Granny, whose first name, by the way, was Euphemia, had nine children. When she was forty, her husband, Francis, died a stone cutter's death, which is caused by dust settling on the lungs. She remained a widow despite numerous proposals, for she was still a woman of beauty. She has remained a widow all these years and is living for the day when she will join her husband in that heavenly meeting place.

Granny is a devout Christian and is loved and respected by all . Although she can't attend church, she is not neglected, because the people of the church visit her often. On her birthday, Christmas, Easter, and Mother's Day she is always remembered by her friends with cards sometimes numbering over a hundred. Just recently her last old-time friend died, and this caused her to long, for a while, for the good old days; however, she has the Christian's promise of heaven's being a meeting place, and now she daily asks the question why she is left here on this earth. I think I know why -- maybe you'll agree with me. I believe God wants her to be a living testimony of how happy a Christian can be throughout the years as long as they obey Him. She has always been an inspiration to me, and I'm glad that someday she will receive her reward -- in heaven.

GOOD-BYE

The station yard was aching empty. All of the wagons were pulled to one side and a solitary taxicab stood with its motor still running. There was an early morning lonesomeness about everything and none of us said much. I kept watching for Dale because I knew he would come. He hadn't said he would come, but I knew he would.

He drove up in the black bakery truck and I knew from the sound of the car door as it slammed that it was he. "Just thought I'd like to say good-bye," he told my mother and father, as they smiled. As I looked at him standing on the platform I thought of dozens and dozens of things I had meant to say to him and hadn't remembered until now. Little words were eager on my lips, but my mother and father stood close beside us, looking down the shining curve of track, waiting for the train to break through the gray mist of the morning. Someday I will tell him, I promised myself. Someday when everything else is over.

The sound of the train came riding toward us and its great whirls churned into the station while the engine hissed out billows of steam. The conductor stepped off onto the platform, waving a lantern that was blacked out now in the light of the morning. "I guess this is for you," my father said as he kissed me good-bye.

"You take care of yourself, dear," my mother whispered softly. "You will write and let us know all about E.N.C., won't you?" and she kissed my hair.

Dale stood, silent. "Bye, Dale," I said to him. "Good-bye, Betty. Be good," he answered, and for only a moment his hand was on mine.

"Donna will meet you at the station in Boston," my mother called after me. "She promised she would be there on time; so, Betty dear, you won't have to worry about anything at all."

No, I thought, I won't have to worry about anything, and I looked back out of the train window to wave to them. I saw Dale in the half-light of morning, standing with his hands jammed in his pockets and his basketball sweater knotted loosely around his neck. I won't have to worry about anything at all.

Quiet, sleeping houses and shabby gray taverns that were lined along the track slid by the window. I could feel the chug-chug of the train beneath me as the wheels turned. The rough edges of town straggled past. Shabby, sad-eyed houses and sagging sheds, trailing parts of rail fence around them passed me. Johnson City gathered her outskirts in about her. Bushes in the fields were catching the glow of the first light of morning and the treetops rocked with the waking birds. Slowly, slowly, out of the grayness, morning was coming.

And I saw it all pass before me like a fast-moving picture. I felt myself ache inside with a quiet sadness. And now I knew suddenly that it had come and had gone forever, slipping by in the breath of a moment. Yet never again would there ever be anything quite as wonderful as my high school days in Johnson City.

AUTUMN



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AUTUMN

From seemingly nowhere comes a strong, unruly wind carrying with it a cluster of aging leaves which have been snapped, without warning, from their perch high upon the many trees. Across the street we see that smart grey squirrel whizzing around the neighborhood lawns or climbing the old chestnut tree, gathering food to carry to her home in the big hollow maple in neighbor John's back yard. The sky has taken on a clearer, brighter look, and there's a certain briskness in the air that was not there before. Then, without warning, almost as slyly as it came, the wind disappears, leaving a silence so noticeable that one is suddenly awakened to the fact that nature is taking on a new and enchanting look.

What is it? Have I been daydreaming? No, not at all! Autumn is here again: Autumn in all its splendor and magnificence; Autumn with its hypnotizing colors far more rich and beautiful than the inventive mind of man could ever hope or dream of creating; Autumn, that indispensable season of the year which demands pre-eminence in the thoughts and actions of man while she is in his presence; Autumn, supremacy of God to all mankind; Autumn, a time allotted to man in which to prepare for the about-face which nature is taking.

What is autumn? The philosopher might say that autumn is an honest facing of the fact. The fact that summer with its warmth and gaiety, its wonderful times at the beach or the many picnics with your friends, is now but a dream and that the cold and cruel winter with its snow and freezing temperature is about to break

upon us in all its fury. The scientist might try to explain it in scientific terms using big and incomprehensible words which would have us all guessing, but mean nothing to most of us. To the politician it is a time when people go to the polls to elect their candidate for public office. But autumn is much more than this to many more people. To the farmer it is a time for harvesting that crop of corn or potatoes, pumpkins, or maybe apples--that crop which he has labored so diligently through the spring and summer months to produce. To the housewife it is a time to prepare the home for the winter months; a time to buy those new overshoes, or that warm pea coat and those tough, longwearing corduroy pants that young Jimmy must have for school. To the small children it is a time to romp and play in that big pile of leaves which has blown up on the front lawn. It is to the hard-working family man a time to relax from the steady grind of day and enjoy the fresh air while raking the leaves. To the high school and college student autumn means mid-semester exams, those thrilling, spirited football games, and long hikes in the country while looking forward with great anticipation to Christmas vacation. Autumn to the hunter contains everything that a man's heart could ever hope for. A time to polish the hunting knife and take the old shotgun and beautiful rifle down from their resting place. Squirrel, rabbit, and pleasant hunting is now in order. He also looks forward with great expectations and much optimism to that deer hunt in northern Maine or in the beautiful Adirondacks of upper New York state. And then there is the businessman, the teacher or the pastor, oh, so many to whom autumn means so much.

Yes, autumn is truly--but, wait, haven't I forgotten

something? In all that I have said, isn't there something lacking? Of course, how thoughtless of me, for one in thinking of autumn could never forget--Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving, that day in which all of autumn is gathered up and deposited into a few happy, joyous hours. It is a day set aside for man to raise his heart in praise and thankfulness to the Giver of all good things. No, we must not lose sight of the true meaning of Thanksgiving. If our pilgrim fathers felt the need of a special day to thank God for His goodness, then we, with so much more, need also to thank Him.

Yes, autumn is truly the most wonderful time of the year.

NEXT

I looked at my watch. Could it be? The tiny silver hands very plainly told me that it was almost four o'clock. At twelve minutes to seven in the morning I had taken my place in the line which would surge into the library as soon as the doors opened at nine-thirty. Since I was only number forty-two in line I expected to be all through registering at Eastern Nazarene College by ten o'clock. It has been said that ignorance is bliss. Undoubtedly the statement was made by an individual who has waited in some line for several hours only to find that it did absolutely no good. Little did I know what lay in store for me on that eventful Saturday.

Yes, it was four o'clock. The words reverberated in my seemingly hollow head as I repeated them in awe to myself. I could no longer keep my head erect or my eyes open. Then out of the babble of voices I heard the one word, "NEXT." Somehow it seemed to strike a personal note. Could it be that I finally would be able to talk with my advisor as I had seen countless others do during the course of that day? Yes, at last my dream had come true! I was sitting in the chair next to my advisor. In the same chair that I had thought about so often I was now seated.

He asked me various questions and added my replies to a long list of assorted bits of data regarding my life through high school. He then asked me what subjects I had thought about taking at E. N. C. I told him I hadn't thought about it--a thing which I could truthfully say. I had wondered much about the type of course I would have to take, for I had the mistaken idea that

the freshman course was prescribed by some higher power. I thought that the lowly freshman had absolutely nothing to say in the matter. I certainly had my ideas changed in a short time.

Chemistry, biology, physics, mathematics, Greek, French, Spanish, physical education, history, speech, Old Testament Survey, and rhetoric were a few of the courses which were fired at me with amazing accuracy by my counselor. With twenty weary freshmen still waiting patiently behind me I knew that this wasn't the place to debate the matter. Consequently, I decided to take all of them. After I announced my rather hasty decision to my advisor he began to take apart my tentative schedule. He tore down my dream of having a complete college education in one semester and later left in its place a more practical sixteen-hour course.

As he discussed the merits of Supplementary Rhetoric, adding that it was compulsory for me anyway, I let my eyes wander back to the line waiting so patiently. Immediately there arose from within me a feeling of superiority known only to those who have held a definite advantage over a large group for any length of time. Subconsciously I heard him give up Supplementary Rhetoric and change the subject. He then began to tell what a wonderful language Spanish is. The leaves outside the window were waving in the breeze. Casually I looked beyond the leaves and there I saw several small children playing with a little brown dog in the street. My thoughts returned to my friend, the counselor. He was saying that he thought Greek would be most helpful to me. After a seemingly interminable period of time he concluded his conversation with me.

In one short happy hour I had my schedule all made out,

approved, signed, and returned. What a relief it seemed to me to have it all done. Now I could relax and have a good time for the rest of the afternoon--I thought! Again I looked at my watch only to find that I had just enough time to get to the dining room for my evening meal.

AUTUMN--DREAM WORLD

Autumn--what is autumn? It is the time of year when all of nature blushes into blending colors of gold, crimson, brown, and auburn. Autumn?--what is autumn? It is the sun setting at twilight, as its rays cover the earth with a crimson blanket of sunbeams--the round, golden sun that has the warmth of God's smile in its very heart. Autumn, what is autumn? How can one possibly say the word without knowing what it is, and means? Autumn is exactly what it resembles: God's beauty.

If one looks on the lighter side of this lovely word, he should be able to see hikes in the country woods, car rides along the sea shore and on old country roads, sail boats on a deep blue lake, or a hay ride in the dusk of evening. Have you ever joined a group of young people who have planned a hay ride on an autumn evening? Have you ever sat on top of a wagon full of hay, bumping over a stony country road while looking up at God's beautiful sky? Look! there's the north star; and over there, the little dipper; and oh, the milky way! How beautiful it looks! Wouldn't it be fun if one could just reach up and pick one of those little twinkles from that immense field of navy blue? Oh, but it would be nice to capture such a diamond, and to imprison it in a transparent container of some sort. Just think! Then it could be used for a light. Yes, that's it, a light in the dark! That reminds me of another light--the only hope this poor lost world of darkness can look to. That's right, I didn't even have to tell you His name, did I?

As you continue bumping, and jouncing over this little

winding cow path, you look to the right, and your eyes can see only fields and fields of nothing but grass. It's funny how different meadows look at night, isn't it? But you can still picture that little, green blade of grass. Then you think of how He has cared for it. He has taken care of it from the moment it started to grow, giving it rain and sunshine and love. Strange, but that's the way He cares for us. The moment we start to grow in His grace, He nurses us all the way along the straight and narrow road.

Your eyes glance to your left; they see a beautiful field of tall, slender, full-grown wheat that is ready to be harvested. My, but as you look at it, it brings thoughts to your mind of another harvest--a full-grown, ripened harvest, ready for the reaper. It is a blinded harvest, so sick in sin, it can hardly see the One who is to do the reaping. It's about time this sin-sick field had a good old-fashioned, red-hot, God-sent REVIVAL! And praise the Lord, it's coming! Amen.

Suddenly someone begins to sing, and you awaken from your reminiscing to join in the chorus of "He Lives."

THE TREES IN THE AUTUMN

(Written by a Japanese student struggling with the English language and left unedited to retain its oriental flavor.)

I was mourning inside when the announcement was made that the all students in biology class are to take an expedition for the nature studying up on Blue Hill. It was two weeks ago. It was depressing, a thought of the whole afternoon gazing at the trees and crawling through the bushes, and taking a note standing awkwardly in a piece of paper.

A thought of next day's assignment in rhetoric, Latin, European History, and English New Testament, piling up. A thought of working in the evening at the restaurant. Where do I find a time to do the all assignment to satisfy the each professor in the class?

I secretly prayed and hoped that the day, the coming Thursday, would be rain. Though I knew well that it would be a only the prolong of the schedule. The day came yesterday without raining, rather cold, but the autumn's sun was shining feebly on Elm's Avenue.

At the front of the Eastern Nazarene College, the party rode up into five automobiles as Professor Babcock leader of this caravan. One by one the caravans rolled out and rolled up the up-hill road toward to Blue Hill forest twenty miles of traveling. The caravan rolled through the sheer walls of the colored leaves lining, endlessly, forward both sides of the road. The colors display their brilliance and shivering in the afternoon's sun like trinkling of the gold. Varied coloring leaves wave each other producing different patterns. The pattern is handsome with its scarlet, orange yellow, rose red, cooky brown, ginkgo yellow, and the branches are still green-apple green.

The splendor of the autumn! It was stimulating atmosphere

flashing through the automobile's window, even though the trip was scientific study of nature purpose. We hailed at this grandeurs. We echoed each other saying, "Is not it beautiful?" "Look at that handsome tree!" and "gorgeous" with jubilant.

The scientific method of study in plants, the observation, analysis, and conclusion. In our eyes the scientific method of observation doesn't matter, whether it is belong th the Dicotyledonous or Monocotyledonous. We rolled on through the crooked road until the sudden stop facing a log cabin. The cabin standing in the lower land facing far away the lake in the forest.

I remembered at a glance that Thoreau once dwelt in these atmosphere in Walden. The cabin, I thought, the one like Lincoln was born and read the Bible in the fireplace. How harmonizing picture a Bible and fireplace in a cabin in the forest.

Professor Babcock was busy with something and somewhere, we did not see him a moment. The students were getting together in front of the cabin. Curious. Wondering, wondering eyes began to shine in every students. "What it looks like inside?" After a while Professor Babcock gave us an instructions, and the wonder of the door was opened. I saw the fireplace, beds, tables, a few charis, and kitchen at left side. I saw the dark room back in the left. Those were the things which I glanced at as I stepped in the cabinet. The wide stone fireplace is the king of this cabin settings. The several beds with mattresses standing in a three rows. Two long tables, a few chairs beside folded chairs piled up in the corner. The kitchen has a dark stove and a sink, and curiously a water color picture hanging at the right wall, the only picture the entire cabin decorated. The dark roon was too dark to see inside, where I left my curiosity in its darkness.

Professor did not let us hovering around too long in this cabin that we were there to study a science of the plants. We left the cabin and proceeded into the woods and bushes. It was strange, by that time, that I was delighted with light feet. I was so absorbed in surrounding that I forgot the all the thought in the past week. I was enjoying that expedition and happily following a party line.

INITIATION DAY

"What on earth is that banging? Can't they let a person sleep?"

These were my first spoken words on that memorable day given over to the sophomores to torture us. Because of a drastic mistake made by the malignant-looking little fiends, they were arousing us a half hour late. Imagine, letting us sleep until 5:45 on Initiation Day. We were dragged out of bed and commanded to stand in the hall. It really didn't do much good since they looked more foolish than we did.

We were made to dress in some very comfortable dungarees in which we were much more at ease than in dresses. Since I work in the dining hall I got out of my punishment for the time being. By this time I knew that I was on everyone's black list. This was the easiest column of names to get on that I have ever experienced. All you have to do is plain nothing. Don't carry any books or trays, and above all don't bow down to any sophomores. Wvery time one asks you to do anything just turn up your nose and walk away. In other words, do just what you please and nothing that pleases them.

At 1:30 in the afternoon I started to get my just deserts. We, the girls of the freshman class, were told to report to the athletic field. On arriving we were blindfolded and lined up with our hands on the shoulders of the girl in front of us. By peeking through the blindfold I could see that we were taken through neighboring streets and back to the gym. By this time I was getting black and blue from being hit.


On arriving at the gym four girls got hold of me and started swinging. Two girls were on either side of me. When I swung in their direction I got a swift smack with a paddle. Just when I was aching all over they let me down with a bump. Some more of those ruffians

shoved me under the gym where I was soaked with catsup and plastered with flour. What a mess! By this time, my shirt was wet and torn, my dungarees were filthy, and my hair was malted down with catsup.

The lovely sophomore girls must have thought that I looked awfully dirty because they saw fit to put me in the shower. They kept me in so long that my hair was almost shining, my shirt was clean, and my dungarees had a nice soggy feeling. They thought I looked like a drowned rat by this time. Since they were feeling very generous they let me go. On the way out of the bath room I slipped on an inch of water and got a black and blue mark the size of a saucer on my leg.

I got it rough, but I deserved everything they gave me. Even though my body was feeling rather sore, I don't know another day when I have had as much fun. As a happy ending to a happy day, I came back to my room to try to crawl through a topsy-turvey room to bed.

Annie Thompson Cubie



RUSH DAY AT E.N.C.

Rush Day at Eastern Nazarene College is annually one of the most colorful, interesting, and noisy events of the school year.

For several days previous to the day for signing of new students to the various societies gaudy posters appeared all over the campus. The "old" students continually expounded the virtues of their society and the faults of the other three. Even at home Rush Day was a main topic, with my parents and my sister attempting to persuade me to join the society they preferred. While walking past the gymnasium on the night before Rush Day I could hear the pounding of hammers and the rasping of saws as the societies were constructing their booths.

Finally the "big" day arrived. In company with the rest of the freshman class I went to the lawn in front of the Administration Building to hear speeches by each of the society presidents. All I learned from the talks was that each society was, according to its president, far superior to any of the others. From here we all trooped over to the gymnasium to sign with the society of our choice. As I stepped into the building I was immediately grabbed by two fellows who shouted, "Come on, Ronnie, join the Kappas." From the other side two others tried to pull me over to the Zeta booth. Freeing myself, I asked them to please let me look around first.

To my right was the Kappa radio station with its antenna rising to the ceiling. The Delta mountain with its old man in a cave towered above me to the left. Going farther down the room I saw the giant red and black Sigma pencil sharpener where Sigma boys were constantly having their "flat" heads sharpened into pointed ones. Across from the Sigma display was the colorful Delta fountain of fortune. As I was standing

THE TURMOIL AND STRIFE OF RUSH DAY

The evening before Rush Day I retired in an agony of indecision as to which of the Greek symbol societies I should join. Naturally, many upperclassmen had been talking to me about the merits of a particular society, and I was definitely confused.

Rush Day is one of the outstanding days at E. N. C. It is a day in which new students are persuaded, cajoled, or threatened into signing away their talents, abilities, and otherwise to the society of their, or their friends', choice. Classes are shortened in honor of the occasion. In the gymnasium, four booths are decorated with the intention to bowl over the freshmen. Recruiters work madly at these booths.

The first evening we were at E. N. C., Don Stahl gave Ann and me a great line about the Sigmas. From him, I gathered that the Sigmas were original, talented, fair, and, most important of all, needful of new members. On the other hand, the Kappas, as I was informed by Jimmy Baker, were intelligent, unprejudiced, helpful to new students, and desperately needful of girl basketball players. These opening statements proved to be the mere beginning of a two-week siege.

On the great day, after classes were finished at 11:00 o'clock, new students were invited to the front of the Administration Building. The main purpose for this journey was to listen to several brilliant orators. These proved to be the presidents of the four societies, each fully persuaded that every new student could not fail to join his society. After these harangues, "Senator" Thompson took the floor for the purpose of delivering a concluding speech. Unfortunately, his audience had already disintegrated and started to the gym.

By the time we arrived at the gym, crowds were milling around the booths. Upon entering, we were immediately besieged by loyal Kappas and Zetas, who were near the door. When we had plowed through them, we were able to start on an inspection tour of the four displays.

The booths all showed talent and ability combined with much hard work. At the right was the Kappa radio station, decorated with blue and white crepe paper. Musical instruments and sporting gear, all denoting the extracurricular activities of the Kappas, were scattered on a false lawn surrounding the station. I think the Sigma booth was the most original and clever. A great pencil sharpener had been made with black and red crepe paper. Boys wearing square hats were pushed into the sharpener, and they emerged with pointed hats. The Delta "Fountain of Fortune" showed the most artistic ability. Their booth was a garden, in the midst of which was a fountain. The Zetas had manufactured a mountain. Out of this mountain a cave had been hewn, where new members signed the little book.

After I had finished examining every booth, I was no closer to a decision than I had been the night before. Evidently this is an extremely poor state of mind in which to be on Rush Day. As I stood deliberating, David Cubie came up and gently started to drag me toward the Sigma booth. Russ Bailey immediately grabbed the other arm and proceeded to the Zeta Mountain. At this point, Anita White rescued me from these monsters and guided me safely to the Delta Fountain. Once there, Anita filled my ears full of the goodness of the Delta Society.

When I weighed all Anita had told me, and all that I had heard before about the different societies, I decided that I didn't know anything about any of them. Having made this decision, I immediately felt better. I closed my eyes, more or less, and signed a book.

I woke up the next morning, and, much to the disgust of my Sigma roommate and her brother, found myself a Delta.

E. STANLEY JONES' CHAPEL TALK

When Dr. Jones stepped behind the pulpit and began to speak, last Monday morning in chapel, I wondered just what kind of a man he was. We had had quite a build-up for his coming, and yet as I listened to his opening remarks, they didn't sound like a great man's thoughts. His voice kept rising to a queer, high pitch, and as he spoke of his morning devotions and a certain verse of scripture he had been meditating upon there seemed to be little connection of that verse and a chapel talk; but then from that verse he suddenly launched out into one of the most wonderful sermons I have ever heard. I felt rich, in a spiritual sense as I walked out of chapel Monday morning, richer than I had ever felt before. And Dr. Jones's text was fresh in my mind,---"All things are yours.....and ye are Christ's!!!!...."

BEFORE AND AFTER: BREAKFAST AT E. N. C.

Do you enjoy breakfast? Or do you swallow a slice of toast and a scalding cup of coffee on your daily dash to the bus stop? Or do you eat breakfast leisurely, taking time out to enjoy the news, sports, and fashions sections of your favorite newspaper over your morning eggs, bacon, and coffee? Or perhaps you are the languid type who prefers breakfast in bed in order to be prepared for the ordeal of arising. Whatever your mode of morning refreshment, I think you would enjoy eating one breakfast in the E. N. C. dining hall. It is an experience no one should miss.

In order to get a true background of a typical dormitory resident, perhaps you should follow me through my usual pre-breakfast schedule. Having sprung reluctantly but energetically from my bed just before the first breakfast bell has sounded, I dash madly for my soap, washcloth, and towel, my toothbrush and toothpaste. It does not matter--indeed, I scarcely ever notice--if I brush my teeth with soap or take a bath in Colgate's toothpaste. For in my dreary, pre-breakfast mood, everything feels, smells, sounds, looks, and tastes the same. Having completed my routine, I rush wildly back to my room and proceed to scratch desperately through my closet, looking for something to wear and strewing various articles of clothing all over the room. When the "something to wear" eludes my groping hands, I usually shut my eyes (this expenditure of energy is really entirely unnecessary inasmuch as I can see nothing through the thin slits anyway) and grab. Then I may turn up in anything--perhaps a cinnamon brown burlap bag modishly tied at the waist with a plain Turkish towel, or again, the yellow skirt of the dressing table

with my striped pajama top and spliced together with the extra-size collar of my recently-departed and sadly-mourned dog.

It is proper for the coeds to appear at breakfast with every hair in place; however, no one is so particular that he can object to an occasional pincurl still remaining tightly anchored, provided it was overlooked in the struggle of making it to breakfast.

As the last breakfast bell rings, we run down the steps with the rest of the hungry throng, propping our drooping eyelids open just long enough to find an empty place at a table.

How interesting it is to watch the faces of individuals as they walk into the dining hall! There is the silent type, like me, who seldom speaks before warm coffee has loosened the tongue and pleasant company has thawed the ice. Or you may see someone with a bright, cheery face. Someone might even say, "Good morning!" if the sun is shining and no tests are scheduled for the day. Rare indeed is the person who smiles before breakfast is over. He is probably hatching up some evil plot, so beware of him. No sincere innocent person can smile so early in the morning. By the time breakfast is over, however, it is startling to see the changes in the faces of those around us. Some of them look almost cheerful.

Breakfast over, I trip back to my room with a new spring in my step that has come from the satisfying food or the congenial fellowship of my classmates. Sometimes I am amazed, on entering, to find stockings hanging from the chandelier, toothpaste glued all over the mirror, and sometimes I unexpectedly skate into the room on a piece of soap inadvertently dropped in my mad dash to get ready.

Yes, breakfast at E. N. C., plus pre-and post-activities, is a most interesting, if slightly hectic, institution. To never have experienced it is to have missed a great deal in life. But now-- good night! After all, I do have to get up for breakfast tomorrow.

WEARY, WORN, AND WET

Having just returned from a somewhat hectic field trip, I do not feel very creative. Perhaps you think, as some do, that I should feel revived after such an exploit. Let me give you some of the gory details and you, too, may change your mind.

We all assembled by the side of the Administration Building at 1:20. By 1:45 we were on our way, nine in each car, with me on the bottom as usual. (It seems that size is no advantage in such a situation.) We arrived upon the scene soon afterwards and from there proceeded to the nature study cabin. Well, you say, it sounds all right so far. Oh, have you ever tried to take notes and keep one hand in your pocket while in a half-frozen condition? Believe me, I was really a sight to behold, with my green slacks, plaid jacket, sweat shirt and flowered kerchief.

From there we started on the actual trip. Up hills, around trees, over rocks, through leaves, bushes, and poison ivy we went (all the while taking notes, of course). Here and there along the way we stopped to examine moss, leaves, and any other enthralling studies to be found. Soon we came upon a bog where it was necessary to split up. Those of us left behind climbed on a huge rock and observed from above. This was all well and good until we had to get down again. At this point I proceeded to slide gracefully downward onto a poor, innocent onlooker below. Squish!

Now comes the interesting part. Our turn to inspect the bog, as Professor Babcock would have it, had come. I walked bravely forward until....Oh, well, I didn't like those shoes anyway (my feet needed washing, too). "Don't forget to step on the high

places," says he as I stand up to my ankles in muddy water. Onward, still onward we went, and wearier, still wearier I got, When we came to the first clearing after a bog, we stopped a moment to study the environment, (several hundred beer cans, a man, a woman, and two horses). Yes, nature study is enlightening.

After what seemed an eternity, "Prof." Babcock said, "All right, the girls can go back now and the boys will help me." At the word "back" I felt renewed strength and made it back to the cabin first instead of in my usual position, last. When my companion returned, I was peacefully reposing before the fire. Needless to say, I was a bit damp and cold. I soon got warmed though, and after preparing our food and singing around the fire, we all enjoyed a fine meal. I helped with the dishes in order to reconcile my conscience to the amount of food I had eaten. We then left for home and arrived at school at seven.

Thus you see, I'm sure, why I have absolutely no ambition for writing a rhetoric theme. I have been entirely too busy learning things such as how to get out of holes, how not to take notes, be warm, and keep dry. I have no theme, but I do know oodles of biology!

Columbus day is a holiday for Cambridge schools and it is at this time that Cambridge High and Latin and Rindge schools have their baseball game. The game takes place each year to decide which school has the better team. On Columbus day the street cars are crowded with high school students. The girls are dressed in slacks and overalls with sloppy sweaters covering half their slacks. The boys are dressed in the same manner. I know the conductor is glad when the students depart from the street car for Cambridge field. The noise is so great the poor conductor can't hear himself think.

I can remember quite clearly when I was a junior how everyone looked forward to the particular game. Rindge had won for five years straight. The prediction for this year was that C. H. L. S. would break the record.

My friends and I arrived on the field half an hour before the game started. Fifteen minutes later the field was packed and jammed. The game started promptly. At first there wasn't much excitement. By the eighth inning the score was six to six. Here's where the excitement began.

Billy Hill knocked out what proved to be a three-bagger. Away toward right field shot the ball and Billy streaked off for first base. The north-end bleachers suddenly sprang into life. A surge of blue and white waved over the stand. The umpire raced with long strides to get a better view. "Lefty," the unvanquished pitcher, eyed his catcher with a discouraged smile. On the players' bench appeared a mix-up of legs and arms as Billy's teammates hugged each other and cheered him on. Far out in right field a

red-stockinged player was making a dash after the flying ball, while the cheerers for the red sat in strained silence.

Billy slid into first base in a cloud of dust and, picking himself up, started his two-hundred pounds toward second. Over in the furthest corner of the field tumbled the pursuing fielder. Up in the air arched the flying ball, and the center fielder in a hurry muffed it. Cheers from the north, and groans and cries from the south! In shot the ball to second as Billy rounded for third base. Straight after him came the ball, while Billy picked up his feet and flew to home plate. A cloud of dust enveloped home plate, everyone waited for the umpire's decision. And then through the growing murmur rang the word "safe!" C. H. L. S. had finally broken the record.

A CONTINUOUS THANKSGIVING

Another holiday. No school, no alarm clock, but an abundant quantity of food. This is thanksgiving! The day usually begins with my attendance at a football game, accompanied by my junior high school friends. There is nothing compared to walking to the field, approximately one-quarter mile away, in the clear crisp morning air. How good it is to be alive!

The stadium is filled to capacity. However, we have reserved seats; so there is no need for alarm. The game lasts seemingly for only twenty minutes, but with the aid of our now empty stomachs, we realize that it is almost twelve o'clock. At this moment the thought of turkey finally comes into mind, and we, my sister and I, suddenly run toward the exit. There is no doubt that the turkey will wait for us, but we can't wait for the turkey.

Upon arriving home, the sweet aroma of squash pie, plum pudding and many other delicious, but undistinguishable odors hits us with full force. However, amidst all this, our eyes all focus toward the oven where Mom is basting the now golden brown bird. Unwillingly, we move on to the living room. This only adds to our misery, for we are constantly reminded by the clatter of dishes of the delectable feast to be had in a half-hour. However, eventually we adjust ourselves to an inspiring book, only to be aroused back to reality by the statement, "Dinner is ready!" Never before have those words taken on such meaning. After being seated, one of the members of our family returns thanks, which at this moment seems entirely too long. However, soon the pleasant word "amen" is uttered and the meal commences.

Immediately I become enveloped in an assortment of vegetables: peas, beans, squash and sweet potatoes. However, the attraction of the day is my portion of the turkey, the drumstick. This is much to my brother and sister's displeasure. My mother and father, to this day, can't understand why a mere leg of a turkey can cause so much commotion in a usually congenial household. My now heaping plate is tapered off by a slice of cranberry sauce, and then I seemingly never come up for air until dessert time.

Upon completion of the squash pie or plum pudding we all waddle away from the table, just about able to reach the living room. I, as well as the other members of the family, relax in a comfortable chair or recline upon the couch, only soon to be lost in a state of unconsciousness. However, as the hours fly by, we eventually find our way back to reality.

The remainder of the evening is spent by nibbling on fruit, candy, and cold turkey. However, amidst this, Mother and Dad, along with a now enlarged group of visitors, are discussing the real significance of Thanksgiving. Even though I am a little young, I, too, realize that although the turkey is important, it doesn't make Thanksgiving. This holiday seems like Sunday to me, not because of the lack of activity, but because of the feeling of worship inside of me. After each one voices something special that he is thankful for, it becomes my turn. I am not exactly sure of any special gift. I just say I am thankful for Thanksgiving, the day that is set aside to give us an opportunity to count and appreciate our many blessings that we so often take for granted. I think what I am saying is a little confused, but I guess they all appreciate it, for they start to wipe their eyes. That evening as I prepare for bed, I realize

that all the things representing Thanksgiving are gone: the excitement has settled; the visitors have gone; and the once handsomely clad turkey is now but a mere frame. Yet the thought behind this day can still remain. Thanksgiving is continuous.

THE HUNT

I had been walking through the woods for hours. I knew what I was after, and I was determined to get him.

For the fifth time that cold fall morning, I checked my gun. It didn't need checking. I knew that, but I was nervous and worried. I had to get him, and this would be my last chance.

I had gotten a glimpse of him earlier in the morning, and had taken one shot at him. I knew that I had hit him, because every once in a while I saw specks of blood on the white snow as I followed his trail.

It was a beautiful fall morning. There was a cold nip in the air, but that would soon go away when the sun came up.

It had snowed the night before, and even the trees were covered with the snow. As it was, I was not interested in the beauties of nature. I had more important things on my mind.

I knew that I would eventually get him, for every once in a while I noticed, as I followed his trail through the snow, where he had staggered and almost fallen.

There were times when I thought that what I was doing was inhuman, even murderous, but it was too late to think of things like that. I had started and I would finish.

I knew that I was getting closer, for every now and then I could hear him crashing through the brush about two hundred yards ahead of me. I couldn't see him though, and that made me angry. I started to run after him, but I had gone no farther than one hundred yards when my foot caught on the root of a tree, and I

sprawled head first in the snow. That would have been the crushing blow as far as my temper was concerned, but as I got up on my knees I knew that my opportunity had come. Not more than eighty yards away, limping across a small clearing, was the object of my chase.

I raised the gun to my shoulder, sighted along the barrel and fired. I knew at the crack of the gun that I had made the kill. He leaped high into the air, and then he seemed to collapse. He fell back to earth, and that was all for him.

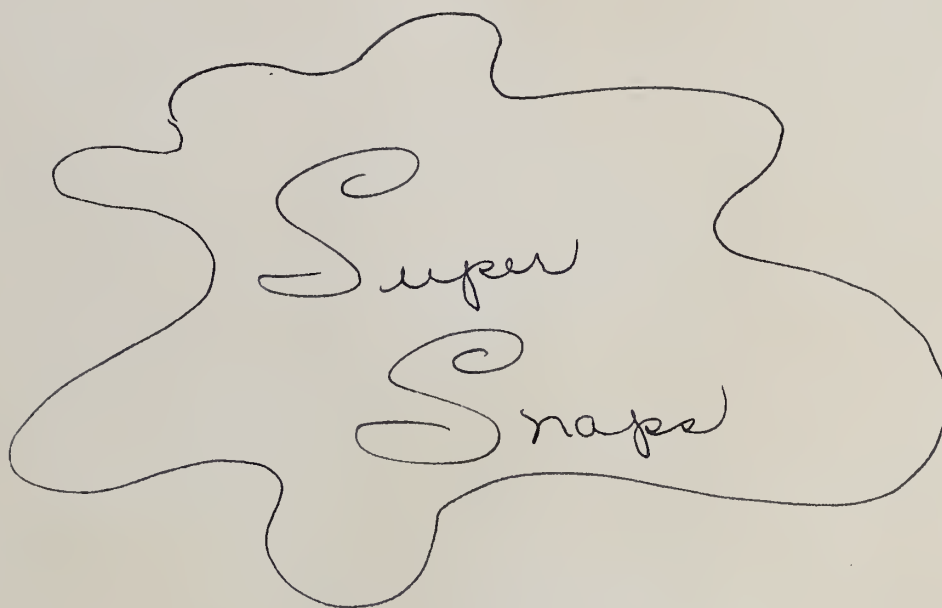
I was quite proud of myself. This was the first time that I had gone deer hunting, and there at my feet lay a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound buck.

Feeling proud was not enough though. I still had to clean the deer and drag it out of the woods. Cleaning it wasn't so bad, but dragging it out of the woods was.

The only I knew to find my way back to my car was to follow the trail I had made while I was chasing the deer. That was about six miles, for it zigzagged all through the woods, but there was no other way. So I started back.

By the time I was half way back to the car I wasn't sure that the thrill of the chase was worth all the work I was going through to get the deer home. When I finally got back to the car I was sure that it wasn't worth it. My sentiments were "Let the other fellow break his back dragging a dead deer through the woods. I wasn't going to."

That was what I thought then, but when the next deer season rolled around I was at it again. That time I didn't get my deer. I wasn't so lucky--or was I?





Winter Scenes 1950



Most Musical

Patty Acker

Lucy Carroll

the most amusing



Ann Currie

—

Karl Better

*Eastern Nazarene College
Wollaston Park
Quincy, Massachusetts*

*The Student Council
cordially invites you
to attend the*

*Spring Formal
April 7, 1961
7.30 p.m.*

*Hugo's Lighthouse
Cohasset Harbor, Massachusetts*

"Moonlight on the Mississippi"

*Dress: Formal
\$6.00 per couple*



- Sam -



the neatest

*Joanne Burke
Charles Holman*



the friendliest

*Jane Moore
Eddie Gault*





Donald Young

Barbara Hickman

most Audible





Best
Athletes

Lachet Brown

Ronald Parsons





— Saw again —





Bob Wanner



WINTER



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WHO LENGTHENED THE TRAIL?

It was just about noon time that we reached the Crawford House. We parked the car well off the road, ate a quick lunch of sandwiches, and milled around impatiently as each one made final adjustments on his pack and at last announced that he, too, was ready.

The weather was ideal for winter hiking: there was about six inches of snow; the sky was overcast enough to prevent snow glare; the temperature hovered in the middle thirties. Brisk stimulation of the wind in my face, my restless legs, cramped from driving the car, the scent of piney woods, and the sleepy swoosh of the pathside mountain stream--all called me to climb. No wonder I was impatient to be off!

Unwilling to stop to rest with the less ambitious of our group, I struck out alone, determined not to stop until I reached the fork in the trail. Now I was breaking the virgin snow; no one was going before me to make it easy. As the steep, slippery white ribbon wound on and up, some of my early exhilaration slipped away, unnoticed at first. The sky had darkened, and the thick woods were letting in less and less sunlight. Soon I was aware that the snow was becoming deeper and deeper. Just a little way further and I'll be at the fork, I told myself. How wrong I was!

Fatigue, increased snow depth, and cold hampered my progress. Soon climbing became drudgery. Like a stubborn robot I forced onward, scarcely noticing the scenery, which had been reduced in my disillusioned mind by now to a solid gray background violated discouragingly by an ever upward streak of twisting white trail. Would it never end?

The trail wasn't this long last year! Could I have missed my turnoff? By now I was quite willing to sacrifice my determination to drive on for a little rest. A monster tree stump became my easy

chair. I would wait for the rest of the group.

The cold changed my mind, however. I soon had to move to keep warm. Not knowing how far I might have to go I again took up the trek. Surprise! Not fifty yards from my resting place was the fork I had determined to reach without stopping! I waited until the first of our group reached me, and together Ed and I headed down the turnoff.

Soon the trail leveled off. We were not climbing; we were circling the side of Mount Clinton. The going was easier than before, but the wind whipping across the valley cut across our faces like sandpaper, and we stumbled hurriedly onward. Fog had set in, for we were in the clouds. Like camels approaching an oasis we strained ahead, thinking of the cabin, shelter from the wind and a bed.

Anticipation made even this trail seem longer than the same one a year before. At last I saw a sign on a tree marking the nearby camp. Ed was the first to sight the cabin through the fog, a gray, dismal, but, nevertheless, real log shelter. We ran the last twenty yards and eagerly threw off our packs once inside the open doorway. Like tired rag dolls we collapsed on the bunk shelf.

THE BEAUTY OF SNOW

"The Snow had begun in the gloaming,

And busily all the night...."

Some mornings when we wake up and rub the sleep out of our eyes, we look out of the window to see that the white blanket of snow has once again come to greet us. Oh, how beautiful everything looks outside! The boughs of the bushes are bent low with the weight of the snow and branches of the trees all wear a coat of ermine. The snow birds are happy as they twit and flutter around the ground for the food that Old Man Winter has selfishly taken from them. There are not any squirrels out, for they are in their warm homes feasting on the winter provisions that they had faithfully stored away.

The snow had begun the night before and had faithfully and quietly performed its duty--each little flake taking its place to make up the great white blanket of snow. A great calmness and peacefulness has come over the earth and everything seems still and quiet.

Soon the stillness will be broken by the scraping of the snow plows as they clear the roads for safer driving, the buzzing of automobile engines as they go to work, and the shouting of children as they break the evenness of the snow by footprints and sleigh-riding trails. Maybe even a newcomer will occupy the front yard of some home--Old Mr. Snowman.

To some people snow brings with it fun and frolic, but to others it brings work. To the children snow means sleigh riding, skiing, snow balling, building snowmen and snow forts, and maybe even missing school. But to many men snow means shoveling sidewalks, getting up early to drive the snow plow, clearing railroad tracks, mending broken light wires and telephone wires, and putting up snow

fences.

To me, the snow reveals the beauty and variety of God. Each snow flake is different. There are not two alike. One day, while I was sitting in the car waiting, I was watching each snow flake as it fell on the windshield. Each flake of snow had its own definite shape. One flake was shaped like the moon. Then another fell right beside it shaped like a star.

I like to walk by myself through the new-fallen snow and think how beautiful God made everything. He gave us all these things to enjoy but we don't seem to realize it. Somehow, as I look out the window at the fresh white snow, I can't help thinking of the goodness of God and the beauty of nature. Then I think, God loved me so much that He gave His only begotten Son that He might die for my sins and make my heart whiter than the driven snow.

OH, MY ACHING BACK!

"Yes, Mr. Laird," replied the college switchboard operator, "we have a job for you. Go over to Mrs. Cromwell's at 86 Beach Street." With my snow-shovel dangling over my shoulder I started immediately on my two-block journey.

After a five-minute walk, I arrived at my destination. Of course I should have known that the house would be on a corner and thus have the longest sidewalk in the vicinity. Nevertheless, I leaped upon the porch and rang the doorbell. An elderly lady, about sixty, responded and asked me to step inside quickly. She explained that she had just recovered from a cold and so she had to take precautions against a cold draft. She had two or three woolen shawls draped around her and so I don't think she endangered herself by exposing to 'old man weather' for five or ten seconds. After giving me several instructions concerning the method I should use in shoveling her walks, she permitted me to commence work.

Have you ever shoveled snow that felt like lead? Well, that was the situation that I experienced yesterday at the corner of Beach and Marlboro. After five minutes of labor I began to feel a pain in my back. I dropped the shovel and stood erect hoping that I would ease my suffering. I hadn't rested a minute before I heard a knock on the window pane. Dear Mrs. Cromwell just wanted to know how I was making out. (Ha--ha!) I took the hint and got very busy again. Well, after an hour and a half of this kind of slavery I felt as if I was carrying Memorial Hall on my back. However, I was encouraged by the fact that my task was completed. Now my wages awaited me and so I hurried into the house. I expected to collect

my money and then scamper back to school to get ready for dinner. My plans were changed. Mrs. Cromwell looked at me with a smile and said, "Son, my neighbor across the street has been watching you work and she wants you to go over and shovel her walks also. I knew that you would be glad to make some extra money, so I told her that you would be over as soon as you finished here." Well, if there had been a hole in the floor I would have jumped in. My back was sore, my stomach was empty, my feet were practically numb, and my gloves were soaked through. Could there be anything else wrong? Well, I told Mrs. Cromwell that I appreciated (what a fib) her thoughtfulness for getting me another job. I left 86 Beach and hobbled across the street to 79. The snow was just as weighty on that side of the street, and so the suffering became worse.

At 6:15 P. M. I, practically a corpse by now, wobbled back to E. N. C. I managed to drag myself to my room. Here I fell on the bed and that was the last time that I remembered Tuesday night. Now you can understand why my theme wasn't done for Wednesday morning class.

WANTED-----A PILLOW

As a small child, I always looked forward with great anticipation to the coming of winter. When the ponds were heavily frozen, Mom would go to the attic and get my brother's and my double-runner skates. She would then bundle us warm with clothing to protect us from the cold, bleak wind. Then the family would hasten to the pond, inviting others to meet us there. Upon arrival, we would find many, both young and old, skating. This was considered a great event and the treat of the season. When the shades of night fell, my brother and I needed no rocking to sleep, for we were very tired from such vigorous and strenuous exercise.

After approximately one year was spent on double-runner skates, I made the daring attempt to try single-bladed skates. This, at first, proved to be unsatisfactory as I was always lame the next day (or sooner). Never giving up, I continued this procedure until at last I actually enjoyed skating without falling down too often. About four years ago last Christmas, to my surprise, I received a pair of white figure skates.

Now, since a few years have elapsed, I have not changed my attitude or enthusiasm toward ice-skating whatsoever. On a blustery, cold winter evening, I enjoy nothing better than to meet with other young people and go skating. Soon after commencing to skate, we find the crowd all in favor of building a bonfire. After a roaring blaze is started, we all gather around for a short, yet sweet, singspiration. The choruses give a boost to start into the cutting air once again. It always seems that the stronger and colder the wind is, the better we like to skate. Of course, if there is a

large enough crowd, a line is formed and everyone participates in horum (a game enjoyed by all). Competition is liked by everyone, I think, if good sportsmanship is an important factor.

To complete the evening, an invitation is usually extended to all the skaters to meet at a friend's home for a light lunch. This is tremendously appreciated, as one gets very hungry and thirsty at the close of such an evening. The usual snack consists of hot chocolate with marshmallow in it, sandwiches, and cupcakes or cake. We gather around the piano and all join in singing either choruses or hymns. Sometimes, if the family has a home movie projector, we enjoy pictures of various members and friends of the family.

At last, with cheeks glowing from the fresh air, everyone returns to his own home and wastes no time before going to bed.

FRESHIE GIRLS ON THE COURTS

The word "court" usually suggests justice, and in this Green Book we shall endeavor to render justice to those freshman girls who showed unusual prowess on the volleyball court and on the basketball court.

Since this is the first year that girls' volleyball has been a major sport, an unusual interest in it was shown by the freshman girls. The four societies each acquired volleyball talent: the Deltas with LaVerne Hunt and Joy Dorothy, the Kappas with Shirley Sarber and Margaret Crew, the Zetas with Esther Eto and Jeanette Baum and the Sigmas out in front with Patty Ash and Rachel Bruce. Volleyball closed officially on Wednesday, November 16, when the Sigma girls came out victorious over the Delta girls, thus ending a season filled with plenty of interest and good spirit.

Basketball always holds a very prominent place in girls' sports, especially to the Freshies, because more of them have had experience prior to coming to E. N. C. The Zetas were rewarded by two high scoring forwards, Esther Eto and DeLora DeShields. The Deltas found a strong forward in LaVerne Hunt. The Sigmas and Kappas were both lacking in high scoring Freshman forwards; however, their guards helped to make up for this lack. The Kappas' ablest freshman guard was Shirley Sarber with the Sigmas' most efficient guard being Rachel Bruce. The guards for the Zetas and Deltas deserve no small credit for their superior skill shown on the basketball floor. The Zetas who strove to prevent successful shots were Jean Ball and Christine Apple. The Deltas' most efficient freshman guard was Joy Dorothy. While spirit rides high, it

still remains to be seen which of these teams will prove victorious. However, whatever team wins, it is evident that the Freshman girls will have made no small contribution to its success.

Joanne Durkee

NO GIRLS ALLOWED

All I could hear was the puzzled voices of my gym class students asking, "Why didn't you shoot?"

Why didn't I shoot? There were three seconds to play and I held the ball just behind the center line. Three seconds to play and all I could do was pass the ball to one of my teammates. Three seconds to play and Proctor was one point ahead of us. Many times I had scored from the center line of our small court, but this was different. This was a game and I was center guard.

With all the speed I could muster, I threw the ball to Melba. Before she could turn, a guard stepped in back of her. It was too late. The whistle blew. The game was over. Proctor had won by a score of 29-28.

Why didn't I shoot? Simply because I am a girl guard, and it is against the rules for them to shoot. However, if I had been a boy, I could have at least tried for the two points. I wouldn't have felt quite so helpless.

Men seem to have all the advantages in team sports. They play baseball, whereas women play either softball or a slow form of baseball. I love the sharp crack of wood meeting leather. I love the slap of leather against leather as the ball finds a resting place in a glove. I love the sounds of baseball....a man's game.

On the other hand, I hate to think of the sluggish splat of a bat meeting rubber cement or a Number one Tanned Horsehide. I hate the sound of a softball striking bare flesh or a clumsy softball glove. I hate the sounds of softball.

And have you ever seen a girls' football team? Well, neither have I. Football is too rough and too strenuous for girls. But the boys do wonders with a pigskin. Isn't it exciting to see a boy or a man run down the field for a touchdown? Wouldn't it be funny to watch a woman clutching a football and sprinting down the field?

Boys also join rifle clubs. I tried. I failed. "No girls allowed" was the excuse. "No girls allowed." I was barred again because of my sex. If I weren't a girl I'd be a member of that rifle club. I tried to interest some of the girls in my high school in a girls' rifle club. No soap. They didn't go for it.

Are you beginning to get my point? Men dominate the sports world as far as team sports are concerned and several other sports as well. Although women's sports are forging closer to the top, they are still a long way behind.

Being a girl has its good points, but to me they seem to be overshadowed by the limitations the mere woman must bear in the world of sports. Yes, I certainly wish I were a man.

RICHARD RIDES AGAIN

Ice hockey, skating, skiing, and sledding are regarded by most thinking individuals as sports adapted only to the winter months. Of course these thinking people can't be wrong. Thus it would seem that winter sports are those which can take place only in the winter. This is a pure fallacy. A sport which can be adapted to all seasons of the year is a winter sport in the winter, a spring sport in the spring, and a summer sport in the summer. The sport practiced by more E. N. C. male students during the winter than any other is the art of getting from school to home and back to school. Now every E. N. C. student wants to get home occasionally to see his dog, his parents, and, more than likely, his girl friend. In this realm, however, motives aren't important. The fact remains that during the winter months E. N. C. boys ride thousands of miles with complete strangers, for practically nothing. The latter is the most important reason for hitchhiking. Since the topic of this theme is my favorite winter sport I will spend the remainder of this paper discussing my latest thumbs-up venture.

There I sat, thinking. I was supposed to be writing furiously because this was the day of my speech examination. Seemingly I was accomplishing little, yet my feeble brain was exploding with thoughts of home, good food, and the girl who lives in the house I visit so often.

"It'll cost too much. I'll spend more here. I won't have time enough. Five days is plenty to go home and back. Maybe I won't have good luck. I always have good luck. Maybe it'll snow. What if it does? I can get through if anything does. O. K., then finish this

examination and we'll be off."

Three hours later I was standing on a lonely stretch of highway less than one hundred miles from Boston. The country was dreary and lonely. It had a bleak, barren look which seemed depressing to me. Then it came! I was watching a short dog across the road barking at a huge cat. I looked up and there coming toward me was one of the biggest, longest, noisiest Diesel trucks I have ever seen. The cab was a bright red while the trailer was a silverish gray. I could see that he was signalling me to jump on the running board. "Brewster, New York" was stenciled on the door of the tractor. I began thinking to myself, "He is probably going to turn off at the next fork in the road."

Mack greeted me with a cheery, "Hi, kid. Where youse goin'?"

"I'm bound for Rochester, New York," I answered politely.

"Youse is in luck, cuz I'm goin' t'ru dat town," he said.

Then he laughed at my amazed expression. "That's O. K., kid, they all are excited when I tell 'em I'm goin' farther than ten miles down the road."

I looked around in the cab. I saw a variety of snapshots, some toy dolls, a few pins, and a huge stack of comic books.

The truck had been rolling smoothly all the time I had been so engrossed in the furnishings of the cab. The next town I noticed was two hundred miles away from Boston.

I thought, "At this rate I'll be home by morning." Then Mack turned to me and said, "Boys, oh boys, I'm sleepy. Maybe I'd better pull over and sleep for an hour or two." I could see my hours at home slipping past.

"Anything you say," I returned.

Thus it went the whole night through--Richard riding and shivering and Mack riding and sleeping. The reason for this is simple. The heater was out of order, and so the cab temperature was just a little above zero. Now a person who is used to drafty, cold trucks wouldn't mind a predicament such as this, but I am not hardened enough to be able to stand eighteen hours of near zero cold. With a hitchhiker, however, nothing matters but the fulfillment of the dream of success.

Thus it came about that at noon the next day I scuffed through several inches of snow on the sidewalk of our own home five hundred long miles from Boston. Yes, some may like skating, but I'll take hitchhiking, the greatest winter sport of them all.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN GAY '49

"Doesn't time fly?" is a phrase heard through country, town, and dale when Christmas carols and familiar tunes fill the crisp air laden with rumors of snow and loads of fun in the near future. Once again the traditional rap at the door resounds throughout house and home bringing the usual response of "Want to buy some Christmas cards?" Then it dawns! Christmas shopping awaits and oh, how we love it!!!

An annoying clang rings in the ears of the sleeping beauty, screaming the thoughts of arising once more--bright and early. Lazily my hand falls on the button responsible for silence and with quite an attempt I pull it under the warm blankets again and prepare myself for another snooze when it finally dawns that I was planning on shopping today--yes, Christmas shopping! The very thought pulls me out of bed and sleepily roaming the cold room, I seek for last year's slippers to warm my slowly freezing tootsies.

Time flies and so do I! Soon I realize that I am marooned in the center of a huge department store. Scores of shopping-mad people push and shove me until I'm forced to stop--a drinking fountain is wedged between my fourth and fifth ribs. Smiling, I forget the episode as one of those Yuletide experiences one must endure.

Cautiously I search for the list--what list? Oh, the Christmas list! With deep concentration I read it. Then I read it again. Then I begin to study it! This is force of habit. Any list is usually studied after one-half year at E. N. C.

With the zeal of a raging tiger I tear forward, racing from counter to counter, inquiring, presenting opinions, pushing, shoving, growling, like a leopard given freedom after long years of bondage!

Lunging forward, my eye rests on an ideal gift for Aunt Fifi. With the anxiety of a maniac I grasp--or should I say, I think I grasp--the last duplicate of Aunt Fifi's greatest Christmas present. But what to my wondering eyes should appear--another hand, not my own, nonchalantly claiming the gift..

With a sign of discontent I endeavor to elbow through another crowd to the closest saleslady who to my dismay is selling her merchandise in the opposite direction. With a few futile attempts an about face is accomplished, thoughts are gathered, and I finally realize that I'd better begin to move on. Suddenly I'm surrounded by a hoard of fun-loving children giggling toward faithful old Saint Nicholas who is already on his last legs!

Weary, worn, and sad, I desperately aim for the revolving door, but to my dismay the revolving door becomes an eternal merry-go-round with some innocent children as a means of power.

Once more I gather myself together, hail a cab, and arrive at home, awaking to the fact that I've accomplished nothing more than memorizing a shopping list.

CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve, and as we sat down to supper, the clock struck midnight. My mother has prepared a feast of sea foods and other good things to eat. Our Christmas feast days had begun, and we would not be going to bed until quite late that night. Christmas Eve feast was the first feast of the holiday. This feast must not be of any meats, but of sea food, according to our Roman Catholic law.

As we would all sit together in a family, happily enjoying all the delicious food, my father would tell us about Christmas in his childhood days. My father was born near Naples in a mountain village in Italy. According to his story, the people there really enjoyed Christmas much more than we do here in America.

On Christmas Eve, as my father walked down the village streets, he could smell the aroma of delicious pies, cakes, and cookies baking in preparation for the feasts that would soon start. Later Christmas Eve he would meet some of his friends and start Christmas carolling from door to door. All of the boys would have large paper bags with them to carry all the goodies they would receive for singing.

On they would go, carolling down through the village streets, singing with all their hearts. The first home they would come to, the boys would stop and sing before the front door. Soon the door would open, and they would be invited into the home for a bit of sweets to eat. To the boys would be given little cakes and cookies, which they placed in their bags. Saying good-bye to the first family, on they would go to the next and the next, until their bags

were just filled to the very top with all sorts of delicious things to eat.

When it became about one hour before midnight, the boys would say good-bye to each other and head for home singing just as loud as they could. When my father arrived home with his bag of goodies, my grandmother would give him another bag and tell him to go to his neighbors and give some food to them. In return his neighbors would also send his family sweet pies and cakes that his mother did not make. This exchange went on all through the village.

Soon it was near midnight, and the Christmas feast would begin. Sea food was to be eaten on Christmas Eve, because of Roman Catholic law. Christmas Day would start another feast, which would last for three days. For three whole days people would visit each other, eat, laugh, and be merry.

My father said that Christmas in Europe was different from that of our own country, and that it meant more to the people there than it does here.

We kept the custom as children of eating at midnight, but now that we are older, Christmas has taken on a different meaning for us. Somehow I wish that here in America we could have more Christmas joy with a little more thought of Christ and His life upon earth.

WHAT FEBRUARY HOLDS

February, the month of naughty Cupid's arrows, was here again and lovers expressed their devotion by the exchange of sentimental cards and gifts. This love is not difficult to express and comes to nearly everyone at some time during his life.

There is another kind of love, however, that all of us should have and which is perfectly expressed in the greatest of all the Commandments: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." What a better world this would be if we looked upon each other with affection and kindness and tolerance. Fraternal love among men would end wars among nations and friction among people. It would make everyday life completely worthwhile, and we would all be happier individuals.

Fraternal love includes many things. It makes us forgive the faults and mistakes of others, for we would recognize that we too have faults and make mistakes. It would make us appreciate the talents of others, and therefore, make us acknowledge each other's contributions and achievements, no matter how small and trivial. It would make us ignore gossip and rumor, and therefore, cause us to respect the individual feelings and personalities and reputations of others.

Fellowship among men is the greatest force for good in any community: the classroom, the school, the town, or the world. We, as the adult citizens of tomorrow, should set an example wherever we go by displaying the spirit of brotherly love and by being helpful, tolerant, kindly and respectful toward one another.

February is also a month of great men. But--one doesn't need to

think that because he was born in February he, too, will be great. It is not as easy as that. Success in any field requires a great deal of hard work and concentration. Each hard and difficult problem should be tackled with determination and vigor. Now is the time for building that path to future success, and each paving stone must be laid with precision and accuracy. If not, your path may become rough, uneven and, ultimately, it will tumble to the earth from whence it began.

Two outstanding examples of success in the past that we may use as patterns for our lives are the great Americans--George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Washington's example is complete, and it will teach virtue to men, not only in the present age, but in future generations.

Lincoln was a man of common sense and pure character. From the deeds which he did we may learn lessons which will be of value to each of us in our own lives.

These men have trodden the path of success before us, and it is our privilege to model our lives after the examples they have set. It may be true that we may not reach as high a rung on the ladder of success as these great statesmen, but we can make an attempt in life that will bring us more happiness than if we had never tried. Even though success is not gained at the first attempt, we must try until we do succeed. It is well to remember, peace and happiness are the dividends of success.

SPRING



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THE DIRT GARDENER

The dirt gardener is as difficult to define as the Proper Bostonian; yet, like him, the plain dirt farmer has universally accepted characteristics. Not everyone is qualified to be one; not everyone who is qualified becomes one. The very nature of the animal limits the quota of plain dirt gardeners in our country.

It is a luxury to be a dirt gardener. Those whose gardening is a necessity rather than a diversion are excluded from the brotherhood. Of course, this requirement raises the question of whether or not to admit men who have forsaken more profitable vocations to take up farming for a living. Alas, for very valid reasons we must cut them off from direct membership. We really have to draw the line somewhere. Perhaps they could be considered as apprentices, or tenderfeet, but most of them are social climbers anyway.

Actually, there are legitimate barriers that keep such as they out. No self-respecting dirt farmer gains his living at gardening. Few could. Some of them make money at it, but they have not the true spirit of plain dirt gardening if they even put their gardening profits to use. To be perfectly truthful, the only reason that the members are allowed to gain profit at all from their hobby is that such a practice offers an excuse for spending huge amounts of time gardening when they should be at their business, or making calls, or doing the dishes. Remember, most of the brethren are married. Often it is too late to do anything about the problem by the time a man is financially able to dabble in the dirt.

But the field is even narrower yet. The scientific farmer,

the agricultural experimenter, cannot enjoy the fellowship of the brotherhood. Bank prejudice, if no other reason, bars him. His very attitude is at cross purposes with the brethren. Every dirt farmer has his pet tricks, secrets, and superstitions. The scientific farmer laughs at nearly all of these things; he knows too much to be a dirt gardener. Of course, some of the brethren dabble in experimentation to justify their expenditure of time, but if they ever really discovered something, they would be excommunicated as professionals, loyalty oath or no loyalty oath.

Now, you say, the field is narrow enough. How wrong you are! It takes true love of the soil to make a plain dirt gardener. The man who tends his roses in his Sunday suit will never make the grade; his attitude is perverse. Look at the true brethren! Shopkeeper, general, clergyman, and fuddy duddy: they all look alike digging in the mud. Grit under the fingernails, streaked and sweaty faces, clothes that their wives hide in the cellar but dare not throw away: these are the signs.

FANTASIE

Have you ever attended a spring symphony? What splendor is displayed there! The tones seem to be alive. They rise in excitement and then fall in disappointment. But let us start at the beginning.

In the opening measure, the mood is questioning and timid. The oboe inquires about the fears of the rest of the orchestra. They answer in a low murmur, ashamed of themselves. A cello boldly starts to sing away his anxiety. This music breaks the tension, and all of the instruments slowly emerge from their hiding places. The silver tones mount higher and higher as the instruments dance and whirl gaily in their relief. The whole works itself into a mad frenzy, each instrument racing in and out between the notebearing trees in Harmony Land. Extremely jubilant, the trees jingle in happiness. The dance continues -- now very carefully -- now recklessly. The mass of sound rises higher and higher till finally a furious climax is reached. Suddenly the whole drops in exhaustion. Worn out, the theme lies willingly under a "rest" tree. But the bliss does not last long.

Suddenly a mighty crash like thunder shatters the air. Terrified, the instruments flee in all directions for hiding places under bushes and in caves. For an eternal moment, Silence reigns. The violins, flutes, and trombones crouch, hardly daring to breathe. The air doesn't move. Fear again hangs like a heavy weight in each one's heart. Earth herself draws a shroud of darkness about her. Time seems like many ages. The mountains hug earth in fright. But while it seems that everything is stricken, there is one who is

braver than the rest.

Little Celeste, who has been hiding in a cave, cautiously crawls to the entrance. She looks this way and that. To her nothing seems amiss. She straightens her wooden back and steps out of the cave. Still nothing happens. She starts to peer behind big rocks and bushes to find the cause of the panic. The sky clears and she can see much better. She shakes the trees till their silver notes tinkle. So far she hasn't found anything suspicious. And the longer she looks, the more sure she is that the nightmare is over.

Then she calls to the other instruments to come and sing with her because the terror is over.

Some peek from their bushes in unbelief, but others run at once at the voice of tiny Celeste. Finally, when everyone is back she leads a great triumphal march. Afterwards, each tired instrument lies down under his own little mushroom, and instantly goes to sleep to dream about beautiful fantasies in music.

GROWING FROM A KITTEN INTO A CAT

Told by the Cat

Did you ever wonder what a cat's life was like? Well, let me tell you a little bit about it.

Life was very dull the first few weeks. All I did was eat and sleep with my family. When people came near, all I heard them say was, "Oh, the darling little yellow one is the cutest of the bunch." But late one night, I felt a hand tenderly reach down and pick me up from my cosy bed and put me in a big thing called an automobile that went roaring down the street until it came to a pretty white house. After it stopped, I was again cuddled up into the arms of a young lady who took me inside. In the house was an older lady who carried me up some stairs to a large room where a little girl lay sleeping. She awoke the child and then -- oh, what a fuss was made over me. Soon a large box, one like I had been sleeping in, was brought in and put by the girl's bed. In the box was a nice warm blanket in which they wrapped me. I guess I was supposed to be happy and go to sleep, but I was not happy or sleepy; I was lonely and I wanted to go home. The little girl was the only one who seemed to understand me. She reached down and put me in her bed after everyone had gone to sleep, but this still did not suffice, and I continued to cry. Soon the lady awoke and found that I was in the bed, and she immediately put me back in my box. By this time I found that it was no use to cry and finally fell asleep.

The next day was full of new adventures. The family began giving me milk from a small bottle with a nipple on it until I was old enough to lap it from a dish. I had much fun playing with the lace tablecloth and the lace curtains until I got my paws slapped. It was also fun to sneak upon the tablecloth after everyone had

finished his supper and enjoy the tasty food, but this was soon ended, too.

As the days went by, I became less lonely. I had many kitten friends to play with. We romped in the fields hunting for mice, which we sometimes found. We also liked to chase each other up trees, and play many other games.

One day the older lady found that I had become very dirty while playing, and she put me in a bowl of water to wash me. Since I was afraid, I scratched and jumped until I got loose. They did not try to wash me very often after that.

The whole family liked to tease me. They would tie strings on my tail, which I would run after until I was dizzy. They would tie sacks on my head just to watch me furiously tear them off. Of course, they loved me, but they did not realize that kittens do not like to be tormented any more than people.

Everyone who came visiting fell in love with me, a fluffy and blue-eyed kitten, but it seemed as if even the visitors liked to tease little helpless kittens. I can distinctly remember one New Year's Eve when my mistress had a party. The guests took sticky paper and stuck it on my feet. This made me strut high to keep from stamping it on fast, and everyone laughed and laughed. Everyone but my mistress and a young man who came to my rescue.

You can imagine what all this teasing did to my disposition. I began to get a little mean. I hated for people to come around me for fear that I would be molested.

One day I was running and playing and did not notice where I was going. When I stopped and looked around everyone was strange. I knew not which way to turn! I was lost! There was a feed store

nearby in which I took shelter for the night. Oh, it was so dark and lonely. Never before had I been left completely alone! Finally the sun began to beam through a dusty window and I knew it was daytime. Soon men and boys began to hustle about doing their work. I ran down a side stairway to escape them. There below I found a family of cats who soon adopted me into their family. We feasted on many mice around the mill. I grew and grew until I became very fat. My blue eyes turned to green, and I was no longer a cute little kitten. I was out in the world and I had to make my own living. These working days passed rapidly and I had a yearning to return to my old home. I left the mill to seek that old home of mine again where I had had so much fun in my younger days. It took quite a while, but at last I succeeded. Even though I had changed completely, my little mistress knew me and called me by my name. I ran to her and she lifted me into her arms. It was a happy reunion, but I knew that I did not have long to live, and I did not want to make my wonderful mistress sad again. So I departed and went back to the mill to spend my remaining days.



A GLIMPSE AT BASEBALL

My, how time has flown; on April 18, 1950, President Truman will throw out the first ball of the '50 season initiating one of America's most loved sports. Baseball reminds me of the occurrence that took place last fall, when the Cleveland Indians beat Boston in the tie-breaking game for the American League crown. I shall attempt to describe it, as well as I remember.

Realizing my responsibility to study physics, I opened my book to the desired chapter and began doing the previously marked problems. I had just finished reading the complicated first problem when the voice of Don Wake, Washington's sports announcer, interrupted the silence of the room. "This game will make baseball history," his voice echoed in the athletic department of my cerebellum and being a historian, I increased the volume. This game between the Red Sox and the Indians was to decide the American League championship, but problems two, six, nine and twelve were to be done by first period. After thinking it over, I decided to listen to the game and work physics problems.

I turned to the subject of kinetics just as the lead-off man for the Indians came to bat. I was not the only occupant of the room at this time for several, namely seven, other sport enthusiasts had gathered around the radio. The continual jabbering of my fellow "students" added to the confusion and my mind began to lose itself in the radio instead of PERKIN'S COLLEGE PHYSICS.

Tension was very high and my pencil became a drumstick in my moments of enthusiasm as well as an instrument through which I could express my knowledge in terms of studying.

"Should I use Newton's first law or does his third law apply

here?" I asked myself. My thoughts were rudely interrupted when someone from Ohio gave a tremendous cheer that the Cleveland team had drawn first blood on Boudreau's home-run into the left field bleachers. I left the problem of Sir Issac and joined in the shouting, but my conscience compelled me to return to the opened book on the desk and to Newton.

"Going into the last half of the third inning, and the Indians lead one to nothing," the announcer calmly said. I timidly looked at my paper and saw only the simple formula of force being equal to mass times acceleration staring at me from an otherwise blank paper. I compelled myself to concentrate and again started studying kinetics.

"How many grams in a kilogram?" I asked. My answer came back in an odd form, "Doer just doubled and there are no outs." I should have known better than to ask a crowd a question like that. I struggled onward with no goat in sight and finally finished the first problem just as Boston tied the score.

A new ball game and another problem. What would the velocity of a bullet be if-----? "Keltner just hit his thirty-first home run of the season with two men on, giving the Indians a three-run lead," the announcer, who was partial to Boston, chocked out. Once again our minority group began cheering and shouting and reminding our Boston fans that they were losing.

Conscience or not, I concluded that I was the owner of one-track mind and pushed physics aside. Resting my elbows on the place once occupied by my book. I listened intently and almost prayerfully to the melodious voice of Don Wake as he started, "The count is now even, two and two."

HUMAN NATURE AS SEEN BY A SODA CLERK

Friendly, small, and cheery was the D. and H. Grill at lunch time on March 15, 1949. This was the place I worked and it was my day off.

The booths were filled with hungry high school students who were glad for the short rest from their school work. Several of them were shouting their orders to the waitress while others were patiently waiting their turn.

As I stood by the candycase I began to think about my customers and their personalities. Over there in the first booth sat La Verne. She was an attractive girl who worked very hard on school projects with little recognition from the students. Seated next to her was Harry. He was liked by everyone because of his natural wit. Harry had one weakness -- girls, and La Verne was the weakest spot. Across the table from them sat Caroline and Buck. What an interesting couple they were. Caroline was trying to make Buck reform. She was doing a good job of it, too, because he hadn't driven over fifty miles per hour for three days.

My eyes were suddenly drawn to the next booth where someone had apparently told a funny joke by the gleeful laughter arising from the occupants. Oh, yes, there was Bobby, the school clown, and his fans. No matter where you found Bobby, you always found the rest of his gang.

In the third booth were three of those boisterous boys from the junior high school. Nothing ever pleased them. How I've worked to make their banana splits look as delicious as possible, just to hear them say: "We was robbed!"

It seemed like calm after a storm as I gazed into the booth by the juke box and saw Eleanor, Lila, Jewel, and Marilyn sipping cokes. They were discussing shorthand symbols. It almost sounded like a foreign language when they spoke it as it was written. These four girls were always very quiet but popular with everyone.

My eyes wandered over to the counter where Donald was waiting for his coffee and cherry pie. He ate the same thing every day and would get very irritated if we would forget to save a slice of pie for him.

A little farther down the counter a bright red shirt caught my eye. There he was, the one and only Clyde. He could play a guitar and sing so well that the girls would swoon every time he began. The trouble with Clyde was that he was good and he knew it better than anyone else.

Sonny was sitting on the stool at the end of the counter drinking his root beer made with plain water. I could hear him saying to the clerk: "What's the matter, are you afraid to put some syrup in this thing?" Dear Sonny always wanted more than he had paid for.

Just then a loud crash drew my attention to the last booth. A coke glass was shattered all over the table. Jimmy had done it again! For some silly reason he liked to see things break. Glenn was sitting across the table from him taking it all very calmly. He always took everything except work in that manner. He could make himself scarce so fast when anyone mentioned work that you would wonder if he was ever there at all.

"Wake up, Kid," I heard someone say. I turned around and saw John standing there smiling at me. "Five minutes before the bell will ring. Ready to go?" he asked. "Ready to go," I replied.

MY IDLE CURIOSITY

As I walked down the street a few weeks ago I heard the slow rhythmic beating of a cane on the sidewalk. I turned and saw a blind man feeling his way along the pavement. Immediately my idle curiosity returned to my grey matter. I had often wondered how it felt to be in complete darkness, so when I reached home I fell into an easy chair, closed my eyes, and tried to analyze the thoughts of a blind man.

I know that when a man becomes blind he has a driving hunger to hold fast to the beauty which he had last seen; that from the descriptions of someone beside him he could make mental pictures that recapture the loveliness he had come so close to losing; particularly the green of a summer hillside, the pale blue of dawn seen through his bedroom window, the golden yellow of butterflies fluttering above the high grass near the pond, the white of freshly laundered tablecloths and many other ordinary sights which we sighted people rarely ever notice.

A blind man's sense of hearing is richer than a sighted man's. He can extract from sounds all their beauty and meaning. A blind man can listen to water in motion, to the lament of the wind, to men alone with their work.. The voices of spring again after their winter sleep, the song of the wood thrush on the path to the lake, the rhythm of the ocean from aboard a steamship. All these sounds are overtones which a sighted man misses.

Just as carefully he cultivates his sense of touch. He can feel the texture of cloth and wood, of rocks and plants, the buoyant softness of velvet, the resilient smoothness of a girl's hair, and freshly fallen snow between his fingers, the live rush of blood through his veins in

moments of muscular effort. An accentuated sense of smell brings him new depths of delight in the odors of hay in the hot sun, baking bread, fresh cherries, grapes on the vine, newly ironed shirts, lilacs after rain. All pleasant odors bring keener pleasures when he concentrates on them. Responses to taste are also sharpened: the taste of orange juice in the morning, of crab apples on a country road, of maple sugar in a Vermont farmhouse, and of ice-cold water from the well.

A blind man need not starve for lack of beauty. Indeed, he may perceive more beauty than many sighted people. But he must sharpen his other senses, exert himself, and make himself more aware. If he once had sight, he must cherish his memories of vanished scenes and recreate them into new combinations. Thus his world can become far different from what those who see only with their eyes imagine it to be. To compensate for what they never can have again, those who are blind make the everlasting most out of what they still have. How many of we sighted people can say as much?

DURGIN PARK

I had better explain that Durgin Park is one of the oldest restaurants in Boston. Its origin goes back to the Revolutionary days, but the era of fame for its delicious New England food started about seventy-five years ago. Located opposite the sprawling Faneuil Hall Market, it is in a very noisy district. Weaving through a confusion of barrels, boxes, and crates piled high on the sidewalk to the narrow entrance, you ascent stairs to the dining room one flight up. The dining room, a tin ceilinged, rambling hall carelessly divided into three sections, has mustard-colored brick walls. On an average Saturday evening, Durgin Park serves more than a thousand people between six and the closing time of seven-thirty. About two hundred and fifty can be accommodated at a sitting. There are plain, old-fashioned tables which seat twenty persons, family style. Everyone is very informal. You find a place at one of the long tables, push the heavy water pitcher out of your way, reach for a menu, and pass a platter of cornbread to your neighbor. It is amazing to note the different types of people who eat here. Some are wearing expensive fur coats -- I saw evening gowns worn by a wedding party one evening when I was there --and some are wearing old, ripped clothing. Everyone is treated with the same amount of courtesy and respect.

My roommate and I went in for dinner yesterday noon. It was the first time she had ever been there and, naturally, at first she was very disappointed. The first thing you see, at the top of the stairs, is the kitchen. This is always immaculate, but in most restaurants it is out of view. There is always a loud clutter of dishes. A fellow was sweeping the floor and, as far as atmosphere is concerned, there is none.

Being from Eastern Nazarene College, we went before three-thirty, for the prices change at that time! Evening meals are always more expensive there, and the same conditions still exist.

Not only is the food delicious, but the servings are very generous. After eating, my roommate had changed her mind tremendously about Durgin Park. This may sound discouraging but it certainly is not meant to. Both my roommate and I had to loosen the belts on our skirts before leaving the restaurant.

A large blue and white flag with Durgin Park printed on it, waves constantly in front of the restaurant. This flag is visible for quite a distance and attracts one's attention because of its difference.

The ancient five-story building makes no attempt to disguise its dinginess with an air of quaintness.

The old-time Yankees who prepare the food believe that the best advertising is plenty of food on the table.

I would advise anyone to try one meal there, even if it were just for the fun and adventure.

NOISING IN THE LIBRARY

Here I sit, racking my brain for a topic for my rhetoric theme. On my right sits a junior; his name is David. His reddish blond head is buried deep in a philosophy book; he seems to have no care in the world. He is planning to enter the Ministry. I think he will make an excellent minister.

I find it difficult to write, because each time I raise my head some face is peering in the door, which is very distracting.

Across the table sits a pretty sophomore girl. This senorita is engaged in reading Spanish. She does not seem to be doing very well, because every time the door opens she faces the opposite way. I do not seem to understand. Perhaps I will when I am a sophomore.

Some senior over in the corner is constantly being watched by the librarian. Too much noise: "You will have to be quiet," is his statement.

This senior opposite me continues to blind me with the diamond that is sparkling on her third finger. She is a literature major. I think I will major in literature. She seems to have made some achievement.

This freshman across the table is paging through a large book. She claims she is looking for words. I trust she will have success.

A certain girl in the corner, who has long golden locks, keeps looking at the door. She does not seem to be getting much work done. Oh, there he comes. Such smiles that are enlightening her face. I presume I can rest now. She had me perplexed for fear she would not accomplish any work tonight.

That senior is being cautioned again. David, the junior, is reclining in his chair, appearing to be very comfortable.

A freshman at the next table is pretending he is studying. He is not doing a very excellent job. Keeps chatting with the girl across the table.

The library is very silent -- Vice President Phillips just entered.

Two beautiful freshman girls just approached my table. One is a tall blonde, wearing a coral shaded coat which is very becoming with her long blonde hair. The other is a brunette -- she wears bangs. They both have an air of sophistication. The brunette is writing a letter to her boyfriend, while blondie is searching desperately through the catalog files.

Two more freshmen have approached my table. They are both wearing white coats and look like pictures taken from Vogue.

Blondie, the freshman, is gasping for breath; she has a bad cold. I trust she will recuperate, because it seems to be affecting her ability to think.

David, the philosopher, has left my table, and so has the sophomore. I suppose she was weary of waiting for the entrance of her friend.

The only students remaining are we freshmen, who are desperately grasping for some little sentence to commence our rhetoric themes. The library is decreasing in the number of its occupants, except for a few earnest freshmen, who are struggling over themes.

I have come to the conclusion that I shall never find a topic for my rhetoric theme.

Good-night, Frosh!

Janie Moore

Anderson, Jette	ambitious, purposeful, conservative
Apple, Christine	honest to goodness bender girl, painstaking
Arnold, Donald	photographer, P.K., poised
Ash, Patricia	talented, friendly, sincere
Baker, James	extrovert, consecrated, mischievous
Ball, Jean	goldilocks, "Oh, you don't say!", active
Barrett, Wesley	rich baritone, pleasant, habitual smile
Baum, Jeanette	generous, unpretentious, unpredictable
Bedor, Mervin	quiet, helpful, friendly
Bergers, Mary Jane	shy smile, quietly mischievous, loves her home
Bigelow, John	impetuous, flutist, boyish
Blake, Evelyn	serious, blondy, industrious
Bradley, Marjorie	helpful, graceful, generous
Brickley, Betty	last of the Brickley's, sport enthusiast, characteristic giggle
Brickley, Sarah	engaged, sedate, unruffled
Bridges, Harvey	cheerful, witty, good conversationalist
Brown, Gordon	track man, "Millie", unobtrusive
Brown, Irene	friendly, another Brown, conscientious
Bruce, Rachel	true sport enthusiast, red hair, jeans
Bryan, Gloria	diminutive, a student, unobtrusive
Bryner, Gene	tease, calm, quietly mischievous
Caswell, Quentin	creative, musical, amiable personality
Chandler, Ada	slight, ringing testimony, sincere
Charlton, Robert	brain, married, resonant voice
Coghill, Isabel	hard worker, taciturn, sincere
Connor, Evelyn	flirty brown eyes, effervescent personality, capable pianist

Constantine, Gregory	Floridian, ever-smile, studious
Coombs, Ruth	tranquil, Willow House gang, hard working
Copp, Jane	hard worker, taciturn, sincere
Couchenour, Gladys	industrious, P.K., obliging
Crew, Margaret	understanding, trustworthy, frank
Cribbis, Ross	original, future minister
Cronin, Alice	"my horse", taciturn, neat
Cubie, Ann	spirited, refreshing, clever
Cummings, Leatrice	gay, optimistic, tiny
Davis, Dorothy	decorous, amiable, graceful
Davis, Bill	athletic, tall, Zeta
Deneen, Helen	exact, ambitious, beneficial
De Shields, Dolora	conscientious, 'Janie', fourth floor
Desjardine, Millie	likeable, commanding voice
Dickson, Doris	considerate, peaceful, sociable
Dodge, Herbert	diligent student, even disposition, sense of humor
Dorothy, Joy	straightforward, creative, dependable
Durkee, Joanne	tidy, "Buttons and Beaux", estimable
Edgington, Howard	quiescent, boyish, conscientious
Edwards, Kenneth	unobtrusive, crooner, towering
Eliades, Grace	good natured, cooperative, New Englander
Elliot, Betty	thinker, warm-hearted, good mixer
Ellis, Nancy	typical New Englander, "Mahther", brain
Esselstyn, Eleanor	reserved, charming, missionary zeal
Eto, Moses	affable, agile, shyly alert
Ferrioli, Ralph	contagious smile, hard worker, unassuming
Flewelling, Marjorie	mischievous eyes, friendly, cocker spaniel wistfulness

Freeman, Mildred	witty, steady, "isn't that cunnin'?"
Friend, John	miner, athletic, musical
Fry, Paul	polite, reserved, enjoys life
Fry, Wayne	"Bud", hard worker, Charlie's helper
Fulton, Ella	precise dress, demure, "Sophie"
Gant, Edward	perennial smile, friendly, steadfast
Gardner, Beulah	English complexion, pleasant voice, capable
Gery, Ray	impulsive, uproarious laughter, virtuoso
Glick, Halvor	innocent countenance, but Oh! basketball enthusiast, joker
Gonzalez, Carlos	Spanish, neat, snappy dresser
Gonzalez, Carmen	Spanish beauty, meticulous, "accomplished flirt"
Grale, John	credulous, cooperative, distinctive ping pong devotee
Graves, James	"You-all", solid Sigma
Grosse, Doris	cheerful, cordial, "Dotsi"
Guscott, Charles	subtle, delightful humor, orator
Hall, Gordon	spiritual, noble, thoughtful
Harris, Harold	sensible, accommodating, married
Hedden, Earl	super-fielder, witty, "Red"
Hedden, Norma	affable, sincere, likeable personality
Hedden, Robert	dark, consecrated, commanding voice
Hetrick, Betty	Pennsylvania Dutch, retiring, placid
Hickman, Barbara	charming, diligent, literary
Holbrook, Dick	energetic, jovial, skater
Holman, Charles	mannerly, easy going, a dash of humor
Hornberger, Glenn	"butch", tranquil, bashful
Houghtaling, John	hamster man, "tall, dark, and handsome"
Hunt, La Verne	blonde, personality plus, girl about campus
Hysong, Ralph	Canadian dreamer, agreeable, sports devotee

Ifediora, Felix	talkative in streaks, friendly
Insley, Charles	obliging, bashful, sincere
Johnson, David	humorous, diligent, practical
Johnson, Lloyd	enthusiastic cheerer, amiable disposition, confirmed reliability
Jolicoeur, Paul	"Tiny", entertaining, joker
Kelley, Florence	diligent student, bright eyes, companionable
Ketner, Frances	athletic, Kappa Kid, convictions
King, Hubert	black hair, athletic interests, characteristic walk
Kline, Iris	sociable, Southerner, pretty tresses
Laird, Irving	characteristic gait, jovial, sociable
Landers, Earl	boyish look, inquiring eyes, faithful
Lantz, Donald	versatile, eager treasurer, genial laugh
Larsen, Mildred	musical, honey hair, Sigma devotee
Lemmon, Charlotte	industrious student, individualistic, cheerful
Lillibridge, Charlotte	songstress, obliging, Ohio
Long, Russell	Ohioan, married, happy father
Mace, Hayward	characteristic drawl, likeable Joe, hard worker
MacDonald, Marie	"Jenny Lind", sparkling personality, likes people
MacDonald, Robert	"Big Mac", lover of Belmont, all-around guy
MacLearn, Raymond	Smith's freckled doortender, baseball fan, cooperative
MacPherson, Neil	taciturn, Scot, P.K., prompt
Martin, Rosemary	trim, expressive, original ideas
Mateer, Warren	meek, ex-G.I., friendly
Matthews, Richard	brainster, modest ability, staunch friend
Maxwell, William	artistic, Western style, characteristic dress
Maye, Maseo	typically Oriental, animated, culinary expert
McCusker, Tommy	joker, "my girl", basketball fan

Merideth, Margaret	placid, contemplative, "friend"
Melnich, Sophie	N.J. accent, sociable, sparkling smile
Metcalf, Russell	"My girl back home," brawny, good leader
Meyer, Elsie	unstudied wit, cheerful, smiling seriousness
Mikulec, Bill	modest dignity, capable, easy going
Miller, Joyce	quiet, demure, precise
Moore, Jane	cut-up, "my brother Paul", "cawfee"
Mullen, Lilly	reserved, blonde Canadian, conscientious
Noelker, Gladys	"smiley", ringing testimony, loquacious
Nordstrom, Edgar	Swedish grin, enthusiastic Wollastonian
Norris, Janet	"moustache enthusiast", neat, blonde
Palmer, Margaret	well-groomed, jester, communicative
Parsons, Ronnie	modest, gymnastic, Kappa
Pearsall, Elsner	sociable, "Red", musical
Pelkey, Doris	quaint, mischievous, "Maine-iac"
Phillips, Ruth	sun-kist hair, hospitable, cheerful
Potter, Edmund	athletic, "T'ain't likely, "Fud" alias "Obadiah"
Price, Mary	"Miami", expressive eyes, prankster
Pyne, Alvan	"Alpine", specks, Melrose-ite
Raycroft, Raymond	carefree, good-humored, casanova
Retter, Karl	fun-loving, "I ain't much at it", lobsterman.
Rhinehart, Dorothy	Canadian, peaches and cream complexion, sweet
Roat, John	giant, friendly, quiet
Roberts, Doris	serious-minded, confident smile, humble
Roberts, Thelma	Brains and personality all wrapped up in one beautiful package
Romberger, Arland	dignified, typically studious, pleasant
Rugg, Floyd	earnest, inquisitive, reserved
Sabeau, John	"say-bean", witty, enthusiastic

Sanborn, Phyllis	Neat, characteristic giggle, capable nurse
Sarber, Shirley	darling personality, helpful, dreamer of Penn.
Sawyer, Carlene	low voice, "you crazy thing", Ohio
Schlosser, Floyd	massive, earnest thinker, friendly "hi"
Scott, Ella Grace	slim, black-eyed Susan, efficient nurse
Sever, Ray	"baby-face", honey, Miami
Shankle, Vernon	energetic, forceful expression, original ideas
Shene, Dorothy	pleasing voice, neat as a pin, sport enthusiast
Simmons, Helen	strawberry blonde, petite, expressive voice
Sloane, William	basketball crazy, friendly, local boy
Smith, Allan	tall and slender, "Al-n-Gene", friendly
Smith, Harris	esoteric, individualistic, 'Mr. Smith'
Specht, Ruth	tall, red hair, sedate
Steffens, Timothy	likeable, quiet, unassuming
Stewart, Ralph	alert, unconstrained, well-informed
Stowell, Carl	reserved, bashful, artistic ability
Studley, Mary	efficient, studious, "Maine-iac"
Taylor, Bertha	amiable, jolly, earnest
Thiel, Walter	sleeper, skater, calm
Thomas, Ralph	married student from Gordon college
Tikas Singh, Elisha	amicable, "Trinidad", personality plus
Vangel, Peter	one of Jimmy's boys, serious, sincere
Wahl, Norman	all-star football player, amiable
Wanner, Robert	conservative, smooth trumpeteer, our prexy
Wetzel, Jean	industrious, quiet, class secretary
Willis, Wayne	imaginative, active, happy-go-lucky
Wilson, Betty	friendly, skater, fun-loving
Wilson, Donna	stable, beneficial, courteous
Wirth, Ronald	teaser, Delta outfielder, sunny countenance

Wise, Delbert	married, pleasant, quiet
Woodcock, Evelyn	attractive, effervescent, blondie
Woodcock, Mary Ellen	petite, composed, companionable
Young, Donald	efficient, brainy, a born leader
Young, Donna	enthusiastic, nursing interest, helpful
Young, Harold	sports writer, P.K., history major

